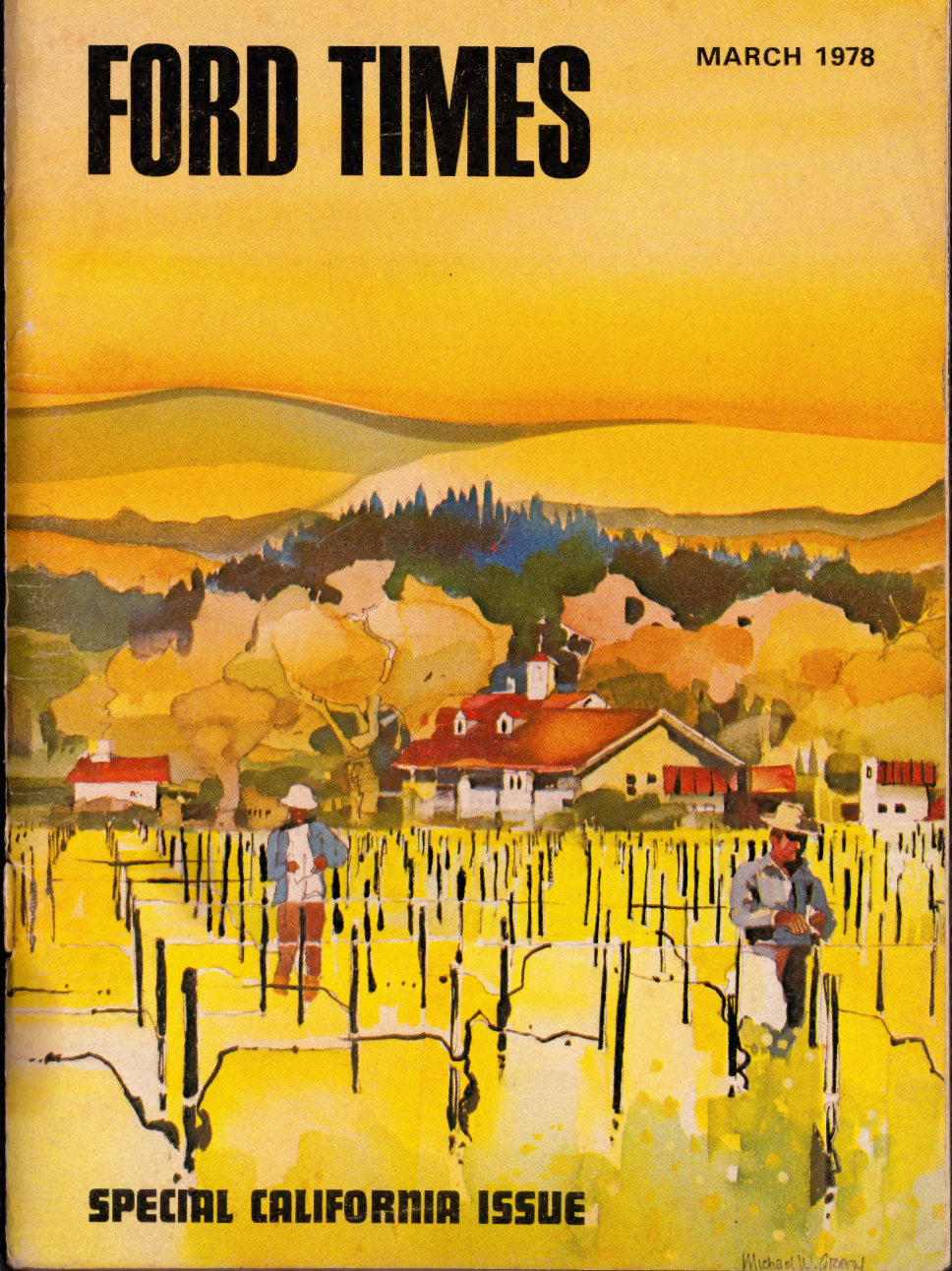
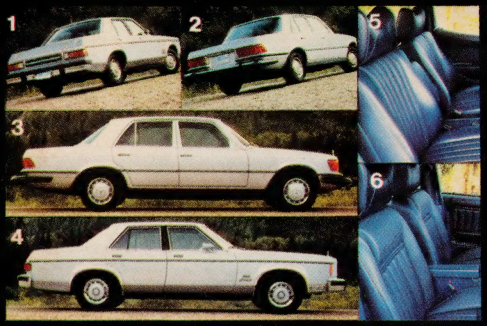
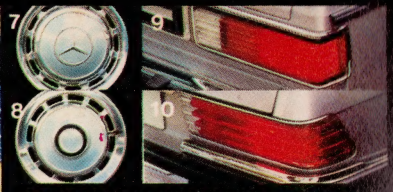
FORD TIMES

MARCH 1978



SPECIAL CALIFORNIA ISSUE





Check which car you think is which and compare your answers with those at the bottom of the page.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
GRANADA ESS	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
MERCEDES BENZ 280 S E	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

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FORD TIMES

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Cover: California vineyards. Painting by Michael Green.

CALIFORNIA

WHERE IT ALL IS

by Wright Morris

paintings by Michael Green

IT WAS in Chicago in the spring of 1926 that I first saw the words CALIFORNIA OR BUST finger-painted in the grime on the back of a touring car whose running boards were crammed with luggage, spare tire casings, and cans for oil, gas and water. On the north side of the westbound car, cracked isinglass side curtains kept the wind off already half-busted travellers.

California. No word falls so seductively on the ear, even in mockery. Glimpses of this promised land with glass-bottomed boats sailing across a blue sea to Catalina Island were provided by the travel posters in service stations.

The following spring, after a continental crossing involving four busted cars, and the sidecar of one motorcycle, my father and I entered the land of milk and honey over Cajon Pass. A morning mist spread over the valley and sweetened the air. Snow shimmered on the mountains. Fruit hung on the trees like Christmas baubles. In the City of Angels, hot cakes and coffee were 15 cents. I will no more than mention the green lawns of Pasadena and the tanned limbs of the girls seen through the rainbow of sprinklers. On Sunset Boulevard, gassed with happiness, cars of beautiful women cruised toward Hollywood.

On discovering this Eden was inhabited by people from Iowa and Missouri, my father's interest waned, but I was not deceived. I had fed the swans in Echo Park





Lake. I had seen Douglas Fairbanks, or someone just like him. From the top floor of the YMCA I had seen the lights at the rim of the sea like a string of pearls. Back in Chicago I kept the faith and played on my Marine Band harmonica:

Pack up all my care and woe
Here I go
Singing low
Bye, bye, Blackbird.

Three years later I entered college in Southern California, its campus a green oasis in the surrounding desert. Although the best oranges were sent elsewhere, cigarettes were a dime, and gas 11 cents a gallon. The good life was so cheap it had a bad effect on ambition, and a man who planned to make something of himself had to leave the state to discover what ambition was. What he discovered soon found him back in California.



It's a mistake to assume we don't have four seasons—good, bad, dry, and wet. The shopping malls keep Californians up-to-date on what is being worn where the weather changes. We see it all on TV, and marvel how people live anywhere else. Californians had the place pretty much to themselves until the late 40s and early 50s when the GIs came back from the Pacific. That led to a boom in housing and babies. That, in turn, led some residents to feel that enough was enough. Why not close the gates? Neither can anyone say what California would be without tourists, although we had a glimpse during the months of the gas crisis. A more impenetrable barrier than a border has arisen in the rocketing prices of real estate and houses. If you want to live near the sea, or the action, or in the style to which you were accustomed, it might prove to be cheaper on the French Riviera. A boy will rake your brush for $7 an hour, if he can find the time.

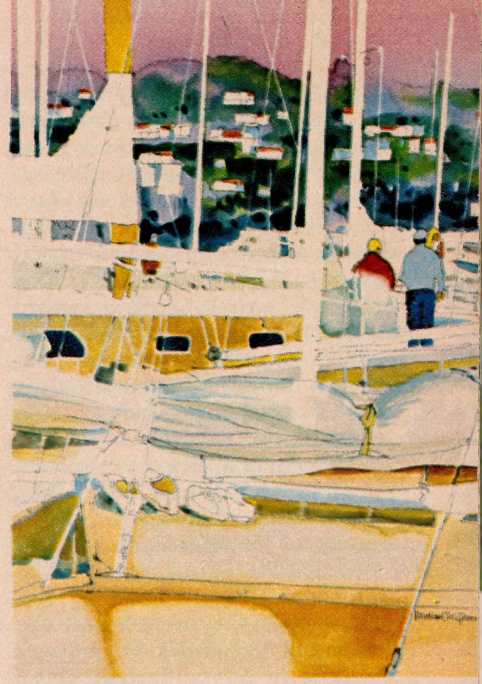
Many people have come to feel that California is an open air asylum for weirdos. There's some truth to that rumor. They congregate here from other places, and to that extent we provide a public service. Some misunderstanding exists, however, as to the role weirdos play in our national life. Imagine life without

funky-type clothes, funky-type food, and a discount basket and pottery market? California-grown weirdos (and avocados) are in great demand on the export market. You see them all over. They live what is known as a *life style*.

Admitting to the fact that there are too many people, too many weirdos, and too much pollution, Californians have learned to live with what is native to California. Over the years they've grown immune to what troubles people elsewhere. In the dry season it burns, in the wet season it floods, in all seasons it has the tremors, with fog along the coast, murmuring gurus in the valleys, sun-ripened fruit and people at the stands along the highways.

California boys and girls not merely run taller, but as a rule they run faster than the sun- and juice-deprived offspring elsewhere. The nymphs wading in the surf of the Pacific are still the world's dream of fair women, and the beach-honed surf boys have the eyes of trophies and the smell of driftwood. They relate to the outside more than the inside, the play of light on sand, snow, and sea. The mind is unclouded by the vagaries of thought.

Born on the plains of Nebraska, I have lived in Chicago, on the Texas panhandle, in New York, Brooklyn, and suburban Philadelphia, in New England, on the Cape, in Vienna, Paris and Venice, in Mexico City, Sante Fe and Oaxaca, and for several weeks in the woods near Irons, Michigan. Currently my wife and I make our home in Mill Valley, across the Golden Gate from San Francisco. It's a good life, but it's threatened by people, drought and taxes. Of my 67 years on the planet, 26 have been lived in California. When away, I have always looked forward to getting back.



Yes, there really is a California, and much closer than it looks on the map. A lot of the way Americans think, feel and dress starts here. It foretells our attitudes and ambitions. If it is not already, it may soon be our national state of mind. □

Santa Barbara

Delicioso

story and photos
by William E. Pauli

AS ANY sixth grade history student can tell you, Spain lost all of her American colonies more than a century ago. If that's the case, a stranger might rightfully ask, how come there's so much Iberian influence in and around Santa Barbara, California?

"People are always surprised to learn that Santa Barbara is Spanish by intent as well as by design," explains Scot Stewart, manager of the local Chamber of Commerce.

"Until the earthquake of '25 leveled most of it, ours was a town of Victorian architecture, much like San Francisco. Following the quake, a group of influential citizens proposed that the city be rebuilt in the architectural style used by the Spanish when they were here in the 17th and 18th centuries."

People in Santa Barbara have taken their mission so seriously that today no new commercial buildings can go up downtown without the approval of an architectural planning committee. In addition, the town fathers imposed a four-story height limit to keep high rises from blocking out the Santa Ynez Mountains to the north and the Pacific Ocean to the south.

The mountains and ocean repay the compliment by providing Santa Barbara with some of the most idyllic weather to be found in California. Nowhere else on the North American continent does the West Coast run east and west for 50 miles as it does here. As a result, the city

faces the sun all year, enjoying a climate much like that of the Spanish Riviera (the average temperature in winter is 72 degrees, in summer 76). Off shore, 25 miles away, the Channel Islands are a shield against sea storms, while inland the mountains protect against atmospheric problems from the north or the south.

Because of the ideal climate, Santa Barbara residents, much like their counterparts in Costa del Sol, spend a great deal of their lives out-of-doors. Swimming pools and beaches stay busy all year. Lunch is eaten outside as often as in. Everyone seems to have a green thumb: camellias, hibiscus, gardenias, geraniums and orchids spring from windowsill boxes as well as curb-side gardens. Backyard lemon, orange and avocado groves are commonplace.

The city's "Garden of Eden" is in the foothills on the northern edge of town. Open year round, the Botanic Gardens (on Mission Canyon Road) include 75 acres of native trees, shrubs, flowers and cacti. The five miles of easy-to-walk nature trails, often crowded with school children, senior citizens or botany classes from the University of California at Santa Barbara, are especially spectacular in the spring.

Back downtown, kids can spend an enjoyable day outdoors at the Child's Estate and Zoological Gardens—which houses a petting zoo built especially for small fry—while their parents tee off on any of five golf courses, or improve their backhand at one of a dozen public tennis courts. Or the whole family can head for an oceanside picnic. The public beach extends the entire length of the city.

On the way to the beach they should take time to pause in the shade of the nation's largest Moreton Bay fig tree at the corner of Chapala and Montecito. Planted in 1877, the tree now has 160-foot branches. Experts estimate that 10,000 people could stand under its cover at high noon.

Whether you tour the town at noon or night, it's a good idea to have a copy of Santa Barbara National Bank's free handy street guide. Otherwise, a Spanish dictionary might be useful for pronouncing street names; for like most other things in the city, they, too, have Spanish titles.

To help modern-day explorers discover the old as well as the new in Santa Barbara, the Chamber of Commerce provides free walking maps which are available at most major hotels and motels. The "Red Tile Tour," which covers 12 blocks in the heart of the downtown business district, is the most popular. After parking your car at a convenient lot on Anacapa Street—one of nine which offer the first 90 minutes free—begin your stroll at the County Courthouse.

This Spanish-Moorish masterpiece was designed by William Mooser. Turrets and towers rise above the red tile roof. Graceful







arches, windows covered with lacy cast iron fretwork, curved stairways and open air galleries add variety to the white stucco walls. Inside, the Iberian influence is even more striking: Brilliant Tunisian tiles line all the corridors, terra cotta red drapes match the palacito tile floors. Overhead, Spanish lanterns and wrought iron chandeliers illuminate heavy hand-carved wooden doors and furniture with leather trappings.



In the Assembly room, memorable episodes from Santa Barbara's history are bigger than life in floor-

to-ceiling murals by Dan Sayre Groesbeck. An elevator carries visitors to the top of the 70-foot clock tower for a view of the Santa Barbara Channel.

At street level both sightseers and shoppers can quench their thirst at El Paseo—a unique cobblestone pedestrian promenade crammed with every kind of shop and boutique imaginable. Built in and around the adobe home of the historic De la Guerra family, the arcade includes import and specialty shops, antique and art galleries, food and beverage emporiums, as well as sidewalk cafes and gourmet restaurants.

Any stroll around El Paseo should include a stop at the De la Guerra adobe. Begun in 1819 by Indians from the Mission Pueblo, the home was completed in 1826 (the date is inscribed on a brick in the main passageway). Built for Don Jose Antonio de la Guerra y Noriega, the fifth Spanish commandant of the nearby Royal Presidio, the house was made famous by Richard Henry Dana in his novel, *Two Years Before the Mast*.

A car or a pair of strong legs is needed for the steep climb up Santa Barbara Street to the city's most famous shrine. There, at the upper end of Laguna Street, is Old Mission Santa Barbara. Founded in 1786, it was the 10th of 21 Franciscan missions established in California.

Among the many religious displays at the mission is a hand-carved wooden statue of Saint Anthony dating from 1790. The present church, built in 1820, is still used by a local parish. Named "The Queen of the Missions" because of its graceful architectural lines, the building is one of the most photographed in the United States.

Cameras also click endlessly each August when the city puts on its Old Spanish Days Fiesta, one of California's most colorful and popular events. The four-day celebration attracts more than 100,000 visitors who come to watch mariachi bands, hour-long parades, beautiful senoritas and dashing caballeros on golden palominos.

Watching the parade one finds it hard not to feel a little sorry for the Spanish. Poor Ponce de Leon never found the fountain of youth, Hernando Cortes searched in vain for the Seven Cities of Cibola and Sebastian Vizciano got cold feet when a local chieftain offered him 10 wives for each crew member he would send ashore to help populate Northern California.

Before Vizciano hoisted anchor he did have enough foresight to have a Carmelite friar in his company name and christen the area. And because December 4, 1602, was the festival day of Saint Barbara, the good padre honored the protectress.

Obviously she was pleased, because the area, as the Spanish described it over 300 years ago, was *delicioso*. No one has argued the point since. □

FEELING SHAKY? GET A GOAT



by William O'Hallaren
serigraphs by Bob Haydock

THE LADY had come to give an estimate on new drapery and had all the imperiousness that goes with her trade. She was marching the length of the living room, clucking disapproval at the existing rags and explaining how her taste and skill and posh merchandise would finally give the place a smidgin of class. Her gaze wandered to the lawn and suddenly she froze.

"Good God. A goat!" she exclaimed.

She was right. Elmer was, and is, a goat. His entertainment at that moment consisted of standing on a sawhorse and picking leaves from the higher branches of an acacia tree. Elmer believes the higher leaves are better.

The lady left without giving an estimate. Maybe she didn't think goat people deserved her drapery. We could only sigh. The world tends to be hard on goats and their owners. It's really a shame because no animal lover has really lived until he has owned a goat. The goat is not only a remarkable pet, but in a surprising number of ways superior to the dog.

The goat is at least as good a sentry as most dogs. Dogs go to sleep on the job. Goats merely rest, chew their cud and watch. Goats are cleaner than dogs, at least as affectionate and certainly as intelligent. A goat will never overeat and will rarely eat anything bad for it. But just to be honest, goats are also full of hell. Dogs, by and large, take a rather somber, proprietary view of the world around them. Goats are always looking for some fun. Their national holiday is Halloween.

But the major virtue of the goat is that it is the absolutely perfect companion for the modern neurotic. Those whose world is jiggling beneath them, who think the telephone repair crews are really from the CIA and who imagine a television camera is watching while the waitress baits them over their choice of pie, need a goat.

The core of the goat's character seems to be an absolute lack of fear. A goat never trembles. The goat constantly radiates the message that all will be well.

Elmer had only been with us a few weeks when he gave his first demonstration of goat survivability. There was a large, grouchy German shepherd in the neighborhood whom we called Suleiman, after the Emperor who, it is alleged, woke up on certain mornings determined to slay everyone he saw that day. Suleiman, the dog, often woke up with that feeling.

We were too far away to help when we saw that somehow Suleiman had entered the yard and was standing nose to nose with Elmer. Elmer weighed perhaps a fourth as much as the dog, and his horns were only nubs. Suleiman bristled and began to snarl. Elmer stood quietly, chewing reflectively. Then he did the one totally unexpected thing. He butted Suleiman

squarely on the snout. Suleiman had never been butted and it hurt, especially his dignity. He backed off to contemplate this outrage, and, by that time, we were able to reach the scene. Elmer looked at his rescuers exactly as he had at the enemy. Reflectively.

The moral was not that Elmer lucked out in his encounter with Evil but that he endured it so calmly. He has that same calm when seized by small, sticky children. Occasionally he may also butt one of them to see which way the child topples, but mainly he just stands there peering into their faces and savoring his cud. Elmer can take the wiggle out of wiggly children faster than any tranquilizer. They seem to inhale that goatish contentment and within moments their pace slows and their eyes grow calm. I can't think of a finer companion for a hyperactive child.

All this being so, why don't more people have goats? First, the goat doesn't fit as handily into the average life style as, say, a dog. The grazing area available in the average homestead also ranges from scarce to nonexistent.

Elmer entered our lives disguised as a cheap gardener. We had about an acre in the hills largely given over to luxuriant weeds, which are not only a fire hazard but expensive to cut. Everyone knows sheep graze, and wouldn't it be sort of fun to buy a sheep and let him keep the foliage down?

We sought the advice of a woman



who raises sheep and she said, yes indeed, it really is a practical thought and she led us to a pasture holding half a dozen available grazers. They were all sitting at the time but several of them at least looked in our direction and one made a sound that indicated either interest or indigestion.

Whatever the opposite of charisma is, is what sheep have lots of. We mumbled an excuse and started to leave, and that's when we passed the goat pen.

At that moment, two small black and white kids were standing on top of a box about four times their height. They had lowered their heads and, amidst exuberant cries, were trying to butt each other off.

In answer to our next questions, the lady said goats are at least as good as sheep at trimming a yard, and, no, they aren't expensive. Then, with the kind of affection that is usually reserved for poodles, children or an eat-all-you-want diet, she began telling us the wonders of the goat. The goat is clean, fun, intelligent, thrifty, will come when called, doesn't cause trouble, loves children and won't gnaw as close to the roots as a sheep.

After we bought Elmer ($25) and had him home a few days, we found there was a lot to what she said and a bit more she hadn't said. Elmer was intelligent. He was housed in an aviary that had been built for exotic birds and he escaped the second night through a hole hardly bigger than his nose. Ditto, the sixth and eighth nights.

Fortunately, a young goat that escapes in the middle of the night doesn't usually run away. He comes to the kitchen door and reports his presence, and a young goat reporting in at 3 a.m. sounds exactly like a lost child. A lost child with a megaphone. After a pan of carefully warmed milk, Elmer was content to return home and never made another sound until 6 a.m., when he called on the whole world to get up. All his sounds were variations of a basic wail, but he got as many nuances out of it as if Mancini had written him a score.

He quickly introduced us to the straight-up-in-the-air-sideways leap, an act of goatish exuberance that defies gravity and logic. On being released from his pen or rope, he liked to put his head down and run at full speed for 20 yards or so, then leap almost straight up, turning sideways as he ascended. I have never seen a better expression of sheer delight in being alive.

It is not true goats eat tin cans.



Only the labels. They also enjoy grass, alfalfa, weeds, roses, most leaves, orange peels, bread, buttons, shirts and newspapers. An owner can buy sacks of specially prepared goat food and the goats appreciate both the food and the sacks.

We always gave Elmer a couple of daily romps in the house, mainly because there was so much good climbing. The ideal present for a goat would be a mountain, but lacking that, a roomful of sturdy furniture is a usable substitute. The chair-to-table bit was always fun for Elmer and so was the coffee table-to-back of sofa. And bar stool to bar. Because they're there. In all his time with us, he never hurt a thing. That sure-footed-as-a-goat cliché should be amended to soft-footed-as-a-goat. Those tiny hooves that look like high heel dancing shoes can touch without tearing or gashing.

Having Elmer around was special fun in the evenings when company would be gathered in the living room. There would be a soft thud and a guest on the sofa would turn around casually to find himself or herself eyeball to eyeball with Elmer, who had landed on the back of the sofa. He always studied the guest gravely and quietly from his distance of an inch or so, maybe licking his lips if the person smelled especially good. What the company did, in turn, was equally interesting. Not all screamed. Some even remained seated, and witty ones would make remarks like, "Oh, a goat." But in the same tone that the captain of a ship might observe an approaching streak in the water and say, "Oh, a torpedo."

A goat in the front yard is about as effective a traffic stopper as a blond disrobing or a policeman arresting a blond disrobing. Cars with families stop and stare at the goat and then at its owners. We knew exactly what was being said in those cars: "Daddy, let's get a goat." "Ridiculous. We can't have one. Don't ever mention it again."

But goats, like so many downtrodden minorities, do have their champions. There are four energetic breed clubs in the country and a great many 4-H youngsters are becoming passionate breeders and defenders. The woman from whom we bought Elmer confided she was born and raised in Beverly Hills and somehow, in earliest childhood, acquired an unquenchable desire to have her own goats.

The sad time came when we had to leave the home we shared with Elmer. When last seen, he was in the back of a truck, bound for a ranch in the Malibu hills where, we were assured, he could graze happily the rest of his life. He never looked back, but if he had, I must say, he would have seen some extremely moist eyes. We have a standing invitation to visit him, and, when we do, we are bringing a present to remind him of former glories—an old living room sofa. □

Right: She's in a Catalina argyle plaid maillot with drawstring cover-up. He's in Hang Ten trunks

FASHIONS

REFLECTING THE CALIFORNIA STATE OF MIND



by Cara L. Kazanowski

photos by Steve Berman

Above: He's in striped shirt over corduroy sport shorts from the Hang Ten line of Richtan Sportswear, the women in Elizabeth Stewart terry cloth cover-ups. Bottom right: Complementing the Ford Fairmont, a Ratner chamois blazer



Below: Alex Colman safari jacket, Bermuda-length shorts (left). Koret's Easy Rider jacket, "Tie-Down" safari denim jeans, short-sleeve safari polo shirt





With Ford Fiesta: Hang Ten shirt, Smile pants (left). Polo shirt with spot print, pull-on spoiler shorts by Catalina



THE CALIFORNIA LIFESTYLE—athletic, outdoor-oriented, low-key—is the inspiration for the new women's and men's spring fashions. California designs long have been known for their originality, casual approach, moderate prices and high quality of workmanship, and it's true once again. Popular spring designs include women's and men's swimwear that can take the surf and sun, terry cloth suits for jogging and racquetball, and easy-to-wear dresses and suits.

As is true in sports, hairstyles, automotive styles and fads like the skateboard, California is also a trend-setter in the fashion world.

This might have started with the California Gold Rush of the 1840s when Levi Strauss, an unsuccessful gold miner who recognized the need for durable, rugged clothing, began stitching up men's work trousers made of heavy cotton—denim—and unwittingly started the denim look that now has the world in its grip.

During the 1930s, Marlene Dietrich, the film actress, wore—and popularized—the first pair of women's slacks, designed, of course, by a Californian. The state was also where the first men's sport shirt was designed and where the fabric for permanent press was created. More recently, California was the origin of elasticized swimwear, many styles of active sportswear and unstructured, soft clothing.

Although the home of such giant clothing manufacturers as Catalina, Koret of California, Cole of California, Levi Strauss, Alex Colman, and Bronson of California, one of the strengths of the state's designers is that they create as individuals.

The state's fashion headquarters is in downtown Los Angeles at the sprawling California Fashion Mart, now adding a fourth building to expand its number of showrooms to 2,300. I went there to take an ad-

Below: By Catalina. He's in jogging suit; model on left shows hooded sweatshirt with kangaroo pockets, pull-on shorts; model on right is wearing terry-type sweatshirt with skiff stripes, pull-on pants. Top right: Shirt, pants by Smile





vance look at what some of the California designers have created for this spring—and at what you'll soon be seeing in department and specialty stores across the United States.

"Active" is in, in both women's and men's wear with more of a choice of outfits for activities such as jogging, or playing racquetball,

Below left: Chevron design maillot from Catalina; bias tank suit with warm-up jacket from Elizabeth Stewart. Below right: Catalina jogging suit (left), velour warm-ups from Elizabeth Stewart





squash or any of the other fast-growing racket sports. Many of them variations on the warm-up suit, these outfits, which come in all lengths of pants and sleeves, are fabrications of terry cloth, nylon ciré or polyester-and-cotton blends. You'll see them in pure brights or in more sophisticated shades, such as eggplant and cocoa.

Men's swimwear surfaces in brilliant solids with poplin or nylon fabrics predominating. For women, colors also are on the bright side while fabrics tend to nylon or nylon-and-spandex duos in all shapes, from very bare to tanks or blouson-and-shorts.

Left: Smocked blouse with drawstring dirndl skirt and matching ruffle-trimmed shawl from Alex Colman. Center: Phyllis Sues blouson sundress. Right: Knack Sportswear navy blazer, reversible vest, and slacks



Women's apparel from our most populous state emphasizes versatile, often seasonless separates—walking shorts, slimmer pants, tunics and loose, often short-cropped jackets—which mix-and-match easily. Colors either are especially bright or get their inspiration from nature, with shades such as buttercup yellow, clay, bone, taupe and mauve. Soft linens, cotton-and-synthetic blends and even gauze predominate.

No matter how casual the lifestyle, there's always a time and a place to get dressed-up—even in the West.

The dress continues its strong comeback, along with dirndl skirts and soft, fluid blouses, in popular fabrications of challis, satin, jersey, cotton and silk. Another popular look is the "little" dress, often a wrap, perhaps with thin straps. Border print dresses, scarves that become sashes, shawls that move into a variety of shapes and soft detailing, including lace and smocking, are important.

In men's tailored clothing from California designers and manufacturers, two-button styles predominate; gone are leisure, double-breasted or three-button suits. Vests remain strong, and so are suits that come with two pairs of slacks, one to match and one to contrast. □



Editor's note: Leading up to the observance of Ford Motor Company's 75th anniversary June 16 this year, FORD TIMES is reprinting each month one story from among the finest we have published. "My Favorite Town —Fresno, California" by William Saroyan is the 10th in our series. It appeared in the issue of August 1952.

My Favorite Town— Fresno, California

by William Saroyan

Well, I was born there, if that helps, for birth is into the world, into the unresolved and unresolvable universe, into the entire dynamic mystery of living matter, and not into a town. Still, one soon hears about the specific place of beginning, even if one is no longer there or the place has changed, and so it must mean something to know where one was born.

One even knows the street, sometimes even the house.

The street was H, the eighth letter of the alphabet, the year 1908, the month August, the day the 31st. H for Home, no doubt. I haunted the street, on purpose and by accident, for years, but I never saw the house. It was gone by the time I was looking in earnest; in its place was a warehouse, then a garage, then a hotel, and finally a parking lot.

But neither street nor house made the town my favorite, nor the fact that I began in the town; it was something else.

What was it?

I discovered the human race there. I discovered art there. And wherever you discover helpless man and his high hope, that is *your* place, favorite or not. What is his hope? His hope is for meaning, for meaning is everything; anything; and he achieves meaning, inventing it or discovering it, through art.

Who was the human race I discovered in Fresno? It was my family, my neighbors, my friends, the teachers at school, the classmates, the strangers in the streets, and myself; most of all

myself and the strangers which were not strangers, which could not be strangers because I saw them, recognized them, knew them.

Were the strangers any good at all? Was it possible to believe in them at all? They *were* good; good and hopeless; and that is why I discovered art, for I didn't want them to be hopeless. If *they* were hopeless, then of course so was I, and I didn't want to be hopeless.

My mother's cousin, Hovagim Saroyan, dead 35 years now, was the human race. He had a vineyard of 30 acres of muscats in Goshen, a railroad siding eight or nine miles out of town, or was it Lone Star? I know it wasn't Malaga, for I had other relatives there.

Hovagim was a man who seemed to have been made of bone and stone, and yet no one laughed with so much joy and compassion; softly sometimes, almost silently, other times loudly and with all of his body, so that he fell or flung himself to the ground, rolled over, leaped up, and nearly died. Perhaps it was laughter that killed him at 37. I don't know. I've never been able to decide what it is that ends mortal life.

He lived alone on the vineyard in a kind of shack-house in which among other things was a phonograph and a dozen records of songs of Armenia, Kurdistan, and Turkey. He had a cow. He had a revolver and a shotgun. He had a horse and a buggy.

Two or three times he brought the horse and the buggy to the little house on San Benito Avenue, picked up my brother Henry and myself, and took us to the Goshen vineyard. At sundown he got out his shotgun and we went along with him to the muscat vines to see what we would see. We saw jackrabbits, which were pests, which ate the young shoots of new vines. Hovagim shot them and they leaped and died. We saw quail, doves, and kildees, but, better than seeing kildees, we heard them as they plunged straight away, wailing clean and clear at the enormity of being part of life, a cry both joyous and dispairing, which I shall never forget and which shall always be associated in my thinking and in my memory with the human race and one of its first exponents, Hovagim.

After dark we walked back to the house and there he cooked supper and we sat down in the light of a kerosene lamp and ate and talked—in a mixture of bad Armenian and bad English. After supper he put a record on the phonograph and we listened to the old music. He put his water-pipe in order, sat down on the floor, smoked, and listened to the old music.

It was said of him that he had a wife in Bitlis, and two sons; but the wife had died, and the sons had gone along to her father's house. Now Hovagim was alone in California. No one was so fiercely devoted to kindness and to truth as this lonely man.

In the last years of his short life he took another wife; but one knew that he'd lost his life when he'd lost his wife and his sons.

Suddenly I was at his funeral and that was the end of Hovagim, except that here I am, 35 years later, writing about him.

Hovagim was the human race: sorrowful, lonely, laughing.

There were others, many others: relatives, friends, strangers.

Huff sold popcorn from a wagon on The Republican Corner when I sold papers there every night after school. He was a skinny old man with a large patch of black cloth over his left eye and cheek. At first glance people were frightened by his appearance; perhaps at second, too. I do not remember anybody ever stopping to chat with him. He seemed grim, if not sinister.

Actually he was a lonely old man who lived in a furnished room, whose only possession in the world appeared to be his popcorn wagon, and whose only place in the world was The Republican Corner. From his room he pushed his wagon to his corner every morning around 10, and back again every night around 10.

Huff and I became friends when he was perhaps in his late 70s and I was 9 or 10. I had been selling papers on that corner for about a month before we began to speak to one another.

One rainy night he called me over to the wagon and

handed me a bag of popcorn. I thanked him and ate the popcorn. It was very good. After that, we began to be pals. Every night when things were quiet, almost nobody in the streets, we stood and talked.

Huff, I discovered, was an atheist, but like so many small-town atheists he kept his ideas to himself and was very deeply a good man, perhaps a religious one.

I remember that when he remarked that the human race was vicious I did not feel that he was speaking with hatred; I felt rather that he spoke with regret, compassion, and perhaps even love. He told me about writers whose books he had read—with his one eye, which was itself inflamed, watery, and appeared to be on the verge of falling out of his head.

As time went on I became entirely oblivious of his physical appearance because I sensed his inner handsomeness. He was a proud and independent man.

One night I offered to push the wagon home for him, for I lived in the same direction, but he would have none of it.

The following day when I reached the corner with my papers Huff wasn't there. I went to the house on Mono Street where he lived and the landlady said he was sick in bed. I visited him in his room.

As we talked I knew how ill and tired he was and yet how eager he was not to give over and die. He wanted to stay in the world. He wanted to get back to The Republican Corner with his popcorn wagon, so he could go on beholding the human race and being a member of it. He asked me if I would come back the following day during my lunch hour. I said I would.

He was up, sitting on a chair, waiting, very tired when I got there. He asked if I would push the wagon to the corner for him. I did, and left him there and went back to school. After school I found him still there, smiling faintly because he was so ill.

This procedure continued for a month. In the meantime from the Public Library I got the books he had read and began to read around in them: Ingersoll, Paine, Emerson. I read swiftly and carelessly but I think I got what was important for me to get: that the human race is anything any of us wishes to notice and believe

it is, and that it *can* be anything we hope.

Huff and I talked about these things. Since it is true, I must remark that now and then I found myself suddenly disliking him very much—his terrible deterioration, his bad luck, his misery and loneliness, his insistence on staying alive at his corner of the world, his very appearance and smell—but soon enough this dislike would pass and I would know that whoever he was, whoever he had been, he was a good man, a helpless one, an earnest one, my neighbor, my friend, my contemporary.

Every day at noon and every night at 10 for a month or so I got his wagon back and forth. I knew he was dying. I even asked if he wanted to go to the County Hospital out by the Fairgrounds and get in bed and rest the rest of his life.

He did not. He wanted to follow the schedule we were following.

One day at noon the landlady told me he had died during the night, and so I never saw him again. I didn't go to his funeral. I don't even know if he had one. The theory around town about old men like Huff was that they were misers, and that they had great wealth hidden away somewhere. I never believed any of this about Huff. I knew he had had a popcorn wagon for some time. I never saw the wagon again, either.

Huff was the human race, too.

A boy my age who came to Emerson School barefooted in the winter was another. His family had come to town in a wagon that they parked alongside the Santa Fe Railroad tracks near Foley's Packinghouse. There were four or five children, the father and mother. They lived in and around the wagon.

The boy came to school about two weeks, and then the



family picked up and went somewhere else. He was a patient fellow who probably suffered more than anybody ever guessed, especially when he could not tell Miss Chambers his address, and when so many of the other boys looked at him as if he were a freak simply because he had no shoes.

I thought a great deal about trying to become this boy's friend but it was not to be. He wanted no friend and it was understandable that he didn't. I wanted to tell him that he could sell papers and make money—help his family and himself—but it is sometimes the very deepest kind of rudeness to try to be of help to some people.

There were others, too, many others.

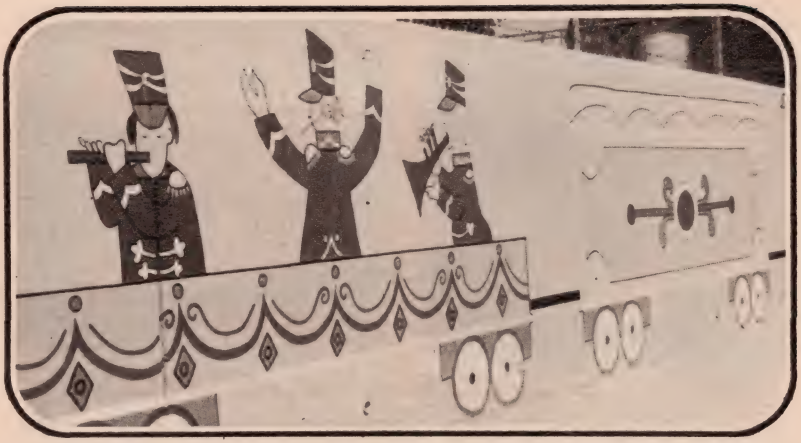
But there were places, too, and the places that meant the most to me I have already mentioned: the Public Library and the Fairgrounds. I needed both. I needed to read, and I needed to see the spectacle of man in action, showing himself off, his livestock, his produce, his machinery, his art even: the wretched paintings and sculptures his confusion and boredom had driven him to making.

Two other places were very important to me in Fresno: the theatre and the church. The names of the theatres were: Liberty, Kinema, Bijou, Strand, Hippodrome, Orpheum. The church was The First Armenian Presbyterian.

At the theatres I saw man in moving pictures, on the stage, and in vaudeville. He was forever in search of something: escape from boredom and failure, passage to grace and meaning.

Only at church did he seem to come near grace and meaning, especially when he opened the hymn book and his mouth in earnest song. I sang, too. I still do. The Protestant songs are thus forever a part of my own search for meaning.

There is no end to a town, any town, if it's where you were born in the first place and where you were born again, as it is written all men must be. But oh! the weather there, the heavenly weather there in the spring, the summer, the autumn, the fall, the winter—the hot sun and the heavy rain, the new green of spring and the fire-golden of fall: the farmer's weather of Fresno, in which I lived and became a part of the human race. The last thing I shall forget is the weather there. □



MURAL, MURAL ON THE WALL

story and photos by Val R. Hawes

The highest, most logical, purest and most powerful type of painting is mural painting . . . It cannot be converted into an object of personal gain, nor can it be concealed for the benefit of a few privileged people . . . It is for the people.

–Jose Orozco, a Mexican muralist, writing in 1929

DRAWING on a wall isn't a new pastime. Man has been at it since he lived in caves.

Now there is a new breed of wall painters: artists, and just plain ordinary people expressing their individualism. Today they are bringing their efforts out to the street where motorists and pedestrians can benefit from their creativity.

New York City has office and apartment buildings ablaze with supergraphics—enormous free-thinking, geometric designs. Chicago tenements and schools, once graffiti-covered, now have murals brilliant with colors and ideas. Montreal displays huge op art murals whose colors run the spectrum. Atlanta, Cincinnati, Detroit, Houston. Philadelphia, and dozens of other com-





Art is appearing on buildings across the country, but Los Angeles has as fine a collection as anywhere.



munities are proud of the art appearing on their buildings.

In Los Angeles, professional artists and amateurs have joined brushes for a major artistic project. The walls of a public housing complex in the predominantly Mexican-American section of the city have been decorated with massive murals. Before, everything was the same drab monochrome, and as one resident commented: "You live here long enough, and everything looks the same color as the smog." Now, even the block wall fences adjoining the complex have been painted sparkling colors—many in Aztec designs—by volunteers that include grandmothers, children, and members of teen street gangs. To date, community artists have painted more than 400 murals in the area.

Elsewhere in Los Angeles, in a program administered by the Parks and Recreation Department, artists have been painting the town under a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. In a mural by Kent Twitchell, a 28-foot-high old woman in a vivid afghan is painted on a wall facing the Hollywood Freeway. Twitchell also recently finished his largest mural: a five-story bride and groom on a downtown bridal shop.

However, the granddaddy of all Los Angeles murals is the one on Farmer John's meat packing and distribution center. The entire plant, larger than a square city block, is decorated with scenes of cavorting pigs and other farm life. The artist, Les Grimes, spent 11 years painting this gigantic work.

Some real wall-bangers have also been supplied by a small group of artists calling themselves the "L.A. Fine Arts Squad." In one of their wall spectaculars, titled the "Isle of California," they portray the long predicted, catastrophic earthquake, in which California slides into the sea. With awesome reality, and seemingly life-size proportions, the mural depicts the twisted wreckage of a freeway hanging over the ocean.

One unusual endeavor is the gallery of paintings on a freeway retaining wall by high school students. Office employes, behind a glass wall, stared out to a glaring blank concrete barrier after a new freeway was built adjacent to their building. Someone suggested a mural for the blank space, and the suggestion was proposed to the local school district. The idea was quickly accepted by school authorities, and designs for individual panels were worked out in art classes. The fire department washed down the walls, the city provided tall ladders, and the company paid for the paint. On Saturdays, students painted under the direction of an art teacher.

The only stumbling block came in obtaining permission from officials of the State Highway Department. Reluctantly they finally agreed to the project. It later won the department a national award for highway beautification. □

OUR SCARCEST RESOURCE

ONE OF THE MOST critical shortages facing American business today receives little attention. It is neither energy nor raw materials. It is investment capital—the financial resources needed for new products, new plants and—especially—jobs. That is why we are gratified that Ford has again earned an acceptable annual profit.

The Company's 1977 profitability is welcome news to more than 460,000 Ford employes and 337,000 stockholders. But as a reflection of public confidence in our products and the health of the economy, it should also be good news for millions of Americans who have never received a Ford paycheck or owned a share of Ford stock. For Ford, these profits enable the Company to develop and build more "better idea" products for its customers and pay its stockholders for use of their savings.

Business enterprises have several ways to finance their operations. The first and most important is from profits. The second is through borrowing. A third way is by issuing more stock. But there is a catch in the last two: They depend on basic profitability. There is little money available to the enterprise that can't earn its own way.

Unfortunately, some people act as though achieving a profit in business ought to be reason for shame or apology. Such sentiments often reflect misconceptions. For example, public opinion surveys show the general public believes corporate profits to be *more than five times greater* than the less-than-six cents U.S. industry earns on each sales dollar. According to the same polls, automobile companies are thought to earn nearly 40 cents on a dollar. The facts show otherwise.

Although Ford last year earned more dollars than ever before, the *percentage* of each sales dollar it received as profit was much smaller than it had been 20 years earlier. For example, while Ford's profit averaged more than five cents on each sales dollar from 1953 through 1957, in the most recent comparable period, from 1973 through 1977, our average profit was only three cents on each dollar of sales—a drop of 40 per cent.

Too many people these days seem to confuse the word *profit* with *profiteering*—taking unfair or illegal advantage of a situation for monetary gain. As a result, some people believe that *any* business profits should be channeled into higher wages or lower prices. Others would like to translate profits into higher business taxes or convert them to philanthropic uses. One point is significant. Not even those who attack profits as "excessive" or even "immoral" suggest that the goal of any legitimate business enterprise should be *not making a profit*.

Instead, people ask: Why does business need *greater* profits each year? Many want to know why Ford seeks still higher net earnings after last year's profits.

First is size. It is obvious that a growing, still-expanding Ford in 1978 needs more investment and financial resources to keep pace with that growth. Higher earnings enable us to improve our products, our service, our quality and our production processes. We thereby improve our competitive position and the employment opportunities.

by PHILIP CALDWELL

VICE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
FORD MOTOR COMPANY



The greatest single need for increased profits is the unprecedented and inescapable investments that the auto industry *must* make in meeting government regulations. Between now and 1981, Ford will invest about $10 billion in efforts to meet governmental requirements, particularly for the federal fuel economy standards. Such regulations are mandatory; meeting them cannot be postponed. Funds must be earmarked for these vast spending programs whether we are enjoying good years or a business turndown. It is the above-average profit years that must carry us over the valleys of the business cycle, as we strive to meet these great technological challenges.

Another reason for our need for profits is the capital-intensive nature of the automobile industry. It is characterized by huge investments in research and development, plants and machinery, years before new products can be marketed. Because the development of an entirely new Ford vehicle now requires an investment of between $500 million and $1 billion, the profit levels of just a few years back are inadequate.

These days, higher profits also are needed to help business offset the effect of inflation. Although milder in the U.S. than in many other countries, inflation continues to erode real gains made through productivity and increased sales. Even with higher reported profit levels in the mid-1970s, American business has not regained the real purchasing power it commanded from lower earnings in the mid-1950s.

Increased productivity is one of the most effective ways to offset inflation. But productivity usually depends heavily on the amount of money business and industry can invest in machines and facilities. Ford economists estimate that every 10 per cent of the national production dedicated to capital investment yields a two per cent gain in productivity long-run. Today, every Ford Motor Company employe in the U.S. is supported by a capital investment averaging nearly $40,000 per person. That figure grows every year, as each worker is supported by more and better machinery.

The profitability of the U.S. auto industry has created jobs and new businesses. The industry has produced mobility and spurred business initiative and economic activity benefiting all American society. The achievement and maintenance of adequate profit levels is one of the most useful social contributions a business enterprise can make.

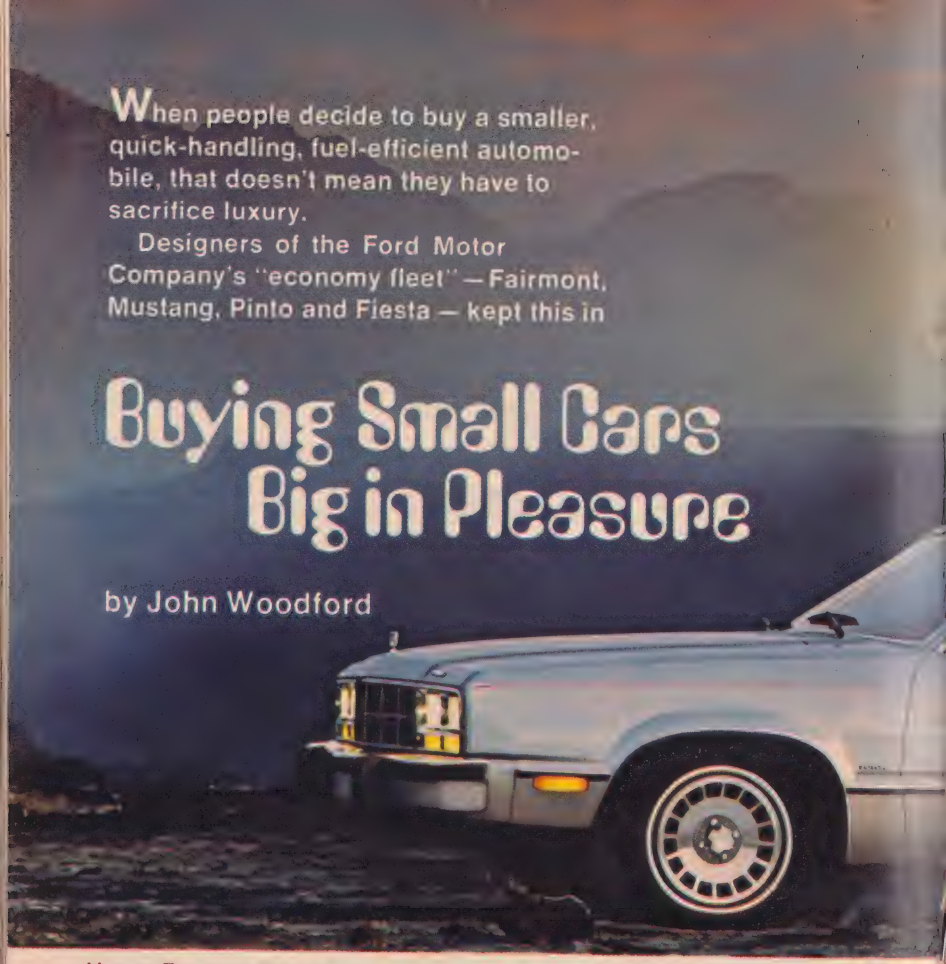
American business will continue to benefit its many publics if it can continue to attract adequate investment capital for new profit opportunities. To do so will require that our society safeguard the possibility of profit for those ready to invest their resources and that the American people understand the high stakes involved. Because investment capital is an essential, if invisible, ingredient in every Ford product, and in every job nationwide flowing from that product, it is necessary that we encourage—*not discourage*—profit. □

When people decide to buy a smaller, quick-handling, fuel-efficient automobile, that doesn't mean they have to sacrifice luxury.

Designers of the Ford Motor Company's "economy fleet" — Fairmont, Mustang, Pinto and Fiesta — kept this in

Buying Small Cars Big in Pleasure

by John Woodford



Above: Fairmont Futura.





Below (left to right): Pinto Runabout, Fiesta Ghia and Mustang II King Cobra





mind when they planned the "customized" models and special option packages available for each of these four car lines.

Fairmont, the newest bright star in the Ford line-up, offers the Fairmont Futura, a trim sporty two-door introduced late last year.

Futura is Ford's coup in this year's explosion of coupes. Distinctive exterior touches include the dual quad headlamps, grille, wraparound taillamps, middle and rear roof pillars and color-keyed roof crossover moldings.

Also standard on this affordable personal specialty car are bright and black lower bodyside moldings, hood ornament, paint stripes, bright belt moldings and window frames, bright left-hand mirror and striking horizontal louvers on the middle roof pillars.

Inside Futura, you'll appreciate the upgraded sound-muffling system, the pleated vinyl upholstery on the bucket seats and the handsome woodtone appliqué that sets off the instrument panel. A deluxe steering wheel hub and color-keyed safety belts add to the harmony of the decor of this surprisingly roomy five-passenger coupe.

The standard Futura powerteam is a 2.3-litre engine with a smooth-shifting four-speed floor-mounted transmission. Front disc brakes and rack-and-pinion steering also are standard.

Futura options beyond the ample list for other Fairmonts include vinyl roof with two-piece design and Tu-Tone paint options matched just for Futura. Optional turbine-style wheel covers are color-keyed.

Fiesta is Ford's small quick-handling car with exhilarating performance. It's a complete little car in its standard model, but for those of you who desire increased decor or sporty appointments, Fiesta offers three group options to choose from.

The Decor Group Option includes these and other outstanding features: electric rear window defroster, black rubber "rub strips" on bumpers, sound insulation package, fully reclining front bucket seats, padded door trim panels with armrests, a day/night mirror, package tray behind rear seat, black bodyside tape stripes and black rocker panel treatment.

The Sport Group Option adds these sporty essentials, among others, to the Decor Group: tachometer and trip odometer, sports suspension system with rear stabilizer bar and heavy-duty shock absorbers, extra-wide wheels for 145 SR x 12 BSW Michelin steel-belted radial-ply tires, brushed aluminum instrument panel appliqué and Cadiz cloth-and-vinyl upholstery.

Fiesta with Ghia Group Option incorporates the Decor and Sport group options and *adds* these finishing touches: an even better sound insulation system, carpeted package tray, 155 SR x 12 BSW radial tires,



Above: Futura's Interior Decor Group
Center: Hood of the King Cobra



Below: Roof-mounted grab handles aid Fiesta Ghia passengers



velour cloth upholstery, door storage pockets, loop-pile carpeting on passenger compartment floor, roof-mounted grab handles, seat back assist straps and map pockets, and twist lock for the rear hatch.

Put all of this together with Fiesta's flip-up open-air roof, rear window wiper/washer and the shimmering ClearCoat metallic paint options, and you have a subcompact that is in a class by itself.

All Fiestas have front-wheel drive and steel-belted radial tires as standard equipment, and are powered by a 1.6-litre four-cylinder engine with a fully synchronized four-speed floor-mounted manual shift.

When it comes to Mustang II, no matter which model you choose you know you're getting an automobile that makes every moment behind the wheel a special one. But the ultimate in Mustang magnetism is the Mustang II King Cobra option—a car designed to rule its class.

King Cobra's outstanding features include stylish tape treatment, pinstriping on all major body areas and the words "King Cobra" on the sides and the rear decklid spoiler, available in a wide range of colors.

The distinctive hood scoop is surrounded by the striking snake decal, and the streamlining front air dam adds to King Cobra's zesty look. Color-keyed dual mirrors, bold black grille and rear quarter flair are other notable exterior King Cobra features.

The three-door, four-passenger

King is powered by a 5.0-litre (302 CID) 2V V-8 engine; the transmission is a floor-mounted four-speed manual. Together, they give you power and maneuverability.

King Cobra also has power front disc brakes, power steering, raised-white-letter radial tires and the Rallye Package, which brings extra cooling, heavy-duty springs and adjustable shock absorbers. A rear stabilizer bar is standard, as it is on all Mustangs.

The "T-Roof" Convertible and the rest of the big range of Mustang II options let King Cobra owners express themselves down to the last detail of their automobile. The car can be tailored to fit personal whims.

Pinto sedans are designed to give the biggest possible value for your small-car dollar. But choose the Tu-Tone option, add the Rallye Appearance Package or the Accent Tape Stripe, put the removable flip-up open-air roof on top and the black Deluxe Bumper Group on both ends, and your three-door Pinto Runabout comes on like a sports car bristling with pizazz.

The Pinto Runabout also features Pinto's high level of standard features—desirable items like AM Radio, power front disc brakes, tinted glass, wheel covers, vinyl insert bodyside moldings and an electric rear-window defroster. Your Runabout comes as a completely equipped automobile.

It also has plenty of cargo area. With the rear seat folded down, you get 29 cubic feet of usable carrying space.

The car's Rallye Appearance Package includes dual golden-accent tape stripes, dual racing mirrors, black moldings on windows and wiper arms, front spoiler and four styled wheels with trim rings.

Pinto's fine performance features are made even finer with the optional Sports Rallye Package, which adds tachometer, ammeter and temperature gauges; higher spring rates; front stabilizer bar, and sport steering wheel—plus a higher axle ratio with the standard 2.3-litre four-cylinder engine and four-speed manual transmission.

A 2.8-litre V-6 engine and automatic transmission are also available for Runabout.

And, like Mustang, this year's Pinto is priced lower than last year's comparably equipped model, and comes with more standard features.

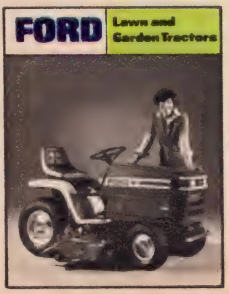
Take the time to look at the variations on this thrifty quartet of Ford cars. Appearance and performance are qualities we value in most things we acquire, not to mention in ourselves. And sensible and pleasing options add value-for-the-money to Ford's "economy fleet." □

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

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GLOVE COMPARTMENT



Horse Around on Easter Vacation—The San Francisco Convention and Visitors Bureau notes that the Grand National Junior Livestock Show is scheduled to coincide with many Easter vacations so that young people can see many of the jumping, roping, riding and auctioning events featuring the nation's best young performers and livestock breeders. This year's show runs from March 17 to 29 in the Cow Palace. The senior version of the livestock show will be held October 27-November 5 in the Cow Palace. More information on San Francisco's attractions are in "San Francisco Coming Events and Sightseeing," a free pamphlet obtainable from the bureau at 1390 Market Street, San Francisco 94102.



The Road in Monterey—Among the many tremendous tourist attractions of the Monterey Peninsula is the 17-Mile Drive in Pebble Beach. This drive starts at the top of Carmel Hill at Highway 1 Gate, which is the main entrance to Del Monte Forest, a private community known round the world for its natural splendor. The drive costs $4 a car, but you get a full refund if you register or dine at the superb Del Monte Lodge in Pebble Beach. Beautiful cypresses, a variety of sea creatures and spectacular beaches are but a few highlights of the drive—not to mention world-famed golf courses. For information on the peninsula, write the Monterey Chamber of Commerce, Box 1770, Monterey, California 93940.



Match the "Blind Bogey" and Win—On March 4, trout fishermen will gather at the Owens River and Pleasant Valley Reservoir in Bishop, California, to compete in the annual Owens River Trout Derby. Before the trout "derby," a local official will have caught a trout designated as the "blind bogey," weighed it and put the weight on a card sealed in an envelope. At the end of the derby, the contestant who has caught the fish (limit is five) closest in weight to the "blind bogey" wins a prize worth several hundred dollars. For more information about this event in the eastern High Sierras, write the Bishop Chamber of Commerce, 690 North Main Street, Bishop, California 93514.

26 Miles Across the Sea—Santa Catalina Island is waiting on the other side of San Pedro Channel for the water skiiers who will race there and back from Long Beach. The race, which takes only about one hour, is part of the 13th annual Long Beach Sea Festival that will run from August 5 to August 27. Most of the festival events, except the speedboat races and other programs in Marine Stadium, are free. Festival features include sailboat races, a fishing rodeo for youngsters, the Ancient Mariner Regatta and the festival-closing sand sculpture contest. For information write the Long Beach Convention and News Bureau, 300 East Ocean Boulevard, Long Beach, California 90802.

Live on the Waters of the Delta—The 1,000 miles of serpentine waterways that lace the vast Delta of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers are ideal for a houseboat vacation. And houseboats sleeping from four to 10 persons can be rented by the weekend ($115 to $225 spring and fall) or week ($350 to $625 summer) from Herman and Helen's Marina, Venice Island Ferry, Stockton, California 95209. Everything you need is on the boat except fishing equipment and linen. No special license is required.

A "Survivor" of Mount Vesuvius—To house his collection of Greek, Roman and other ancient art, the late J. Paul Getty reconstructed the Villa Dei Papiri, a Roman villa that was buried in volcanic mud when Mount Vesuvius erupted in 79 A.D. The museum is set in exquisite gardens containing fountains and replicas of statues found when the original villa was excavated. The collection also includes Western European paintings and 18th-century French furniture. There is no admission charge, but it is best to make advance parking reservations for guaranteed admission. Phone (213) 454-6541. Obtain further information from: J. Paul Getty Museum, 17985 Pacific Coast Highway, Malibu, California 90265.

Plan Tasty Trips to California's Wineries—The Golden State has 58 counties, and 33 of them have wineries that are open to visitors. To learn where they are and when you can visit them—write for the free pamphlet "California's Wine Wonderland" published by the Wine Institute, 165 Post Street, San Francisco 94108. □









with curved glass windows.

The invention of the power scroll saw enabled creative carpenters to produce such intricately carved decorative trim. The power wood-turning lathe was in wide use by then, too, and turned pillars were used to support the many balconies, porches and gables that were so popular. Late in the 19th century much of this gingerbread was being mass-produced, and when the basic construction of a house was completed, the homeowner could select from a catalog as much decoration as his pocketbook could stand. From the offering he could adorn the facade with scrollwork brackets, arch-framed windows, fluted panels, carved medallions and plaster rosettes, or complete corner bay windows.

Even though most present-day architects consider the period a ghastly one, these Victorian relics



are much sought after, and restoring them has become a full-time occupation for a number of craftsmen.

Victorian devotees of today scour antique and secondhand stores, hoping to find a gingerbread artifact that fits into their restoration project. Much of the fretwork and fancy trimming produced during those gingerbread years is now considered American folk art.

One explanation for the large proportion of Victorian homes in San Francisco is that a great part of the city was developed between 1850 and 1900—a period when Victorian architecture was in vogue. Fed by the gold rush, business boomed and made an ostentatious life style available to the average family.

Beautifully restored Victorian homes can be found in almost every part of San Francisco. The greatest profusion can be found west of Van Ness Avenue in the Pacific Heights and Western Addition residential districts. The earthquake and resulting fire of 1906 destroyed some of the finest examples, with most of the downtown business district left in ruins. A few homes atop Russian Hill, the highest point in the area, were saved—some, it is claimed, by the owners' wetting them down with champagne and seltzer water. □

Editor's note: For information about Victorian home tours in San Fransisco, write Architectural Heritage, 2007 Franklin Street, San Francisco 94109.

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by Evan Jones
paintings by Norman Nicolson

WHEN the Spanish ruled California, the main highway stretching north along the Pacific littoral was known as El Camino Real, the royal road. It connected 21 missions so self-sustaining that each produced all the provender the hard-working monks might need, from beef and mutton to wine and cheese.

Now the highway known as U.S. 101 links the restored monasteries; and north of San Francisco Bay at Sonoma—where El Camino Real terminated in the Valley of the Moon—the modern road heads into vineyards and lush dairy country where variations of Monterey Jack, the cheese once made by monks, are still produced, along with other kinds, in small factories that remain as vestiges of the past.

Anyone can stop in Sonoma and observe the processes that aren't so different from those employed when robed and sandaled Spaniards began turning out cheeses in the late 18th century. In the period from 1769, when the first churchmen arrived, until the mission of San Francisco de Solano ceased to function at Sonoma, shortly before the Gold Rush, California monks made cheese in the old Spanish way. Adding rennet to fresh milk to cause it to coagulate, they drained the resulting curds, tied them up in cloth, then pressed them into the shape of a wheel. To help develop the rind and to add flavor, they aged the wheels in olive oil, and they spoke of their handmade product as *queso del pais*, or country cheese.

Soon the rustic *queso del pais* was also made by settlers who established ranches around Monterey Bay, and when the regional language became English the local cheese was rebaptized. The cheese that has been famous in the West for generations, and which is now marketed in other parts of the country as Monterey Jack, takes its name from the port of Monterey and from a wily rancher, David Jacks. The latter organized the immigrant Italian Swiss dairymen in the area and stenciled on their cheeses (now combining some Alpine finesse with the process brought from Spain) the name of the port city from which produce was shipped as well as his own surname.

In Sonoma the Monterey Jack makers are established in the midst of historic relics. The refurbished old mission building of San Francisco de Solano, the army barracks and the Casa Grande of the Mexican governor of California are adjacent to the shady plaza that juts forth from Spain Street like a giant green welcome mat. Nearby, on Second Street, is the tidy stone building of the Vella Cheese Company, and across from the plaza is the Sonoma Cheese Factory. You have only to park your car to combine a glimpse

A CHEESE LOVER'S TOUR



of early California history with an introduction to old-fashioned American cheese.

To be sure, the facilities are a little more efficient than those of the padres. The process begins about 8:30 a.m. and ends shortly after lunch time. The morning milk from neighboring farms is poured into long stainless steel tanks, and, with the help of a lactic starter and rennet, the liquid is agitated for about an hour, then allowed to set so a heavy mass of curds forms. When the whey has been drained away, and the curds have been broken up in irregular shapes that look like popcorn, the cheese maker fills squares of muslin with enough curds to make a single cheese and ties

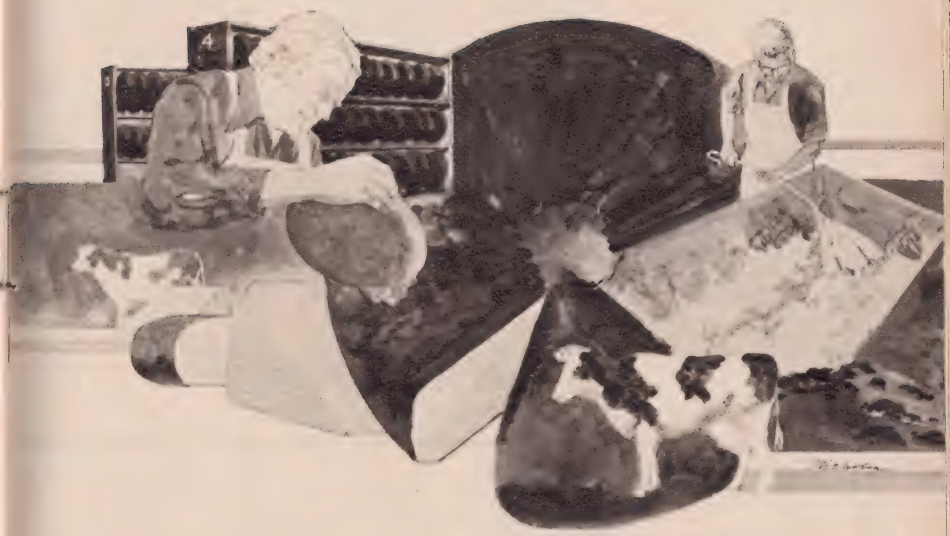
the corners together to form a round cheese; then each cheese is pressed between boards or in a hoop.

Each day the cloths are removed from cheeses pressed the day before, and the fresh, creamy wheels, bearing the marks of the gathered cloth, are arranged on racks, some to be sold after three to six weeks' maturing in high humidity and some to be held at least six months for slower aging. At Tom Vella's one-man cheese factory, in the drying area next to the cheese-making room, you can watch the daily ritual of coating aged Monterey Jacks with a mixture of powdered cocoa, pepper and oil to develop a leathery-looking, flavor-enhancing rind.

Visitors can buy both fresh and aged cheese at either of the small plants in Sonoma—in amounts varying from large wheels weighing up to 12 pounds to wedges suitable for family picnics. And when you visit the Sonoma Cheese Factory, you will find a shop in the front of the building where sandwiches and wine are sold, along with a variety of other food. You can settle down for lunch outdoors on the plaza lawn, or take one of the roads into the valley. State Highway 12 will lead you toward the ranch on which Jack London lived, which is now a state park. Or the cheese lover's tour may be continued by following State Highway 116 over rolling country to Petaluma and then to Red Hill Road, on which it is easy to find the Marin French Cheese Company.

For more than a century, soft-ripened Bries and Camemberts—cheeses that contrast oddly with the firm types made by most early American dairymen—have been produced here on the Thompson family's hill farm. The craft of turning out such French cheeses on the Pacific coast began four generations back when sailors leaving ship in San Francisco let it be known that they hungered for the soft, runny, downy-crusted cheese which they had known at home in France. Ever since, one Thompson or another has been supplying that need, and more recently expanding the market to such an extent that Pierce Thompson has constructed a new cheese-making building as well as a fully equipped picnic area nearby.

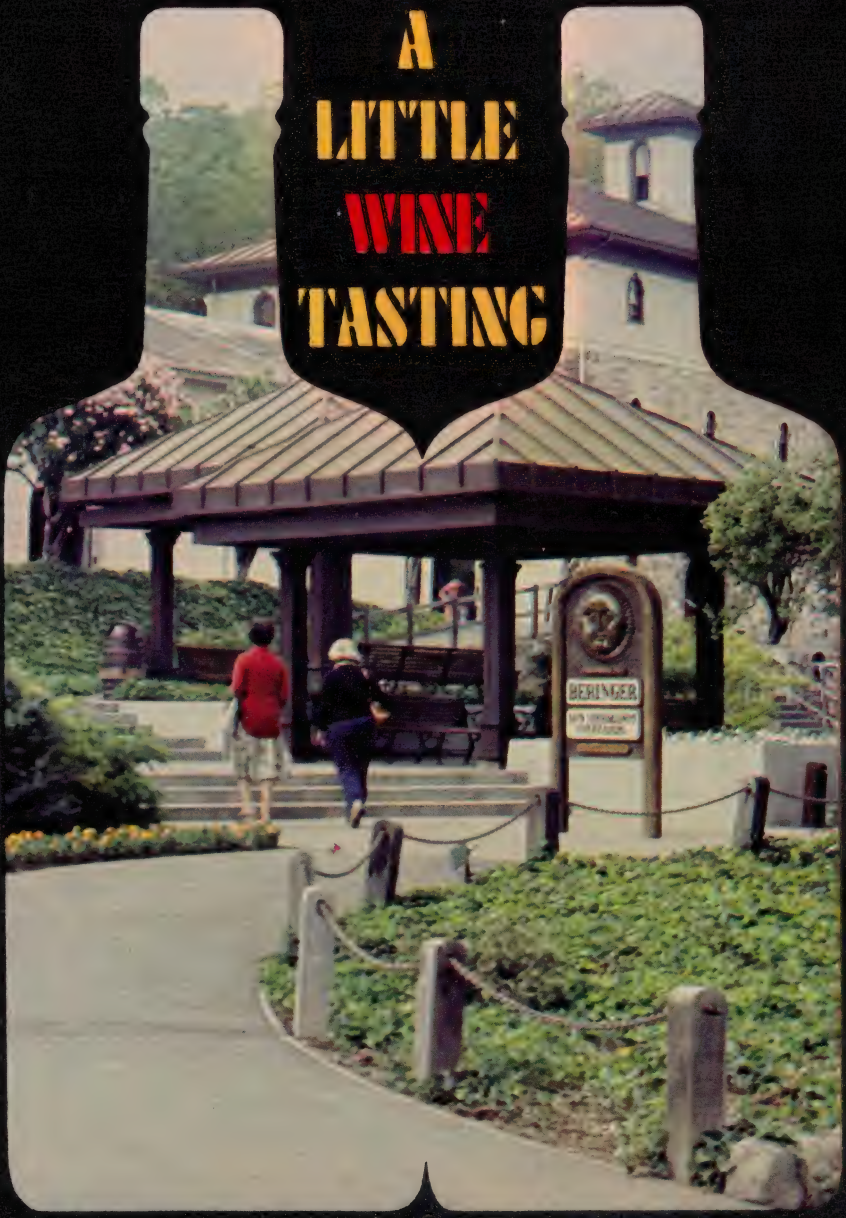
Most days throughout the year, scores of travelers use the outdoor eating facilities after they have taken one of the well-organized tours of this rural dairy. Pierce Thompson himself may explain, as he did for us, how the process of making soft-ripened cheese contrasts with that of producing Monterey Jack. Finished Bries and Camemberts look very different, of course. Instead of being elastic in texture, like a fresh Monterey, or burnished brown like aged dry Jack, Thompson's Bries and Camemberts are both thin disks that have downy white surfaces. After curds have been formed in much the same manner as for firm cheeses, the clabber is dipped carefully into metal forms

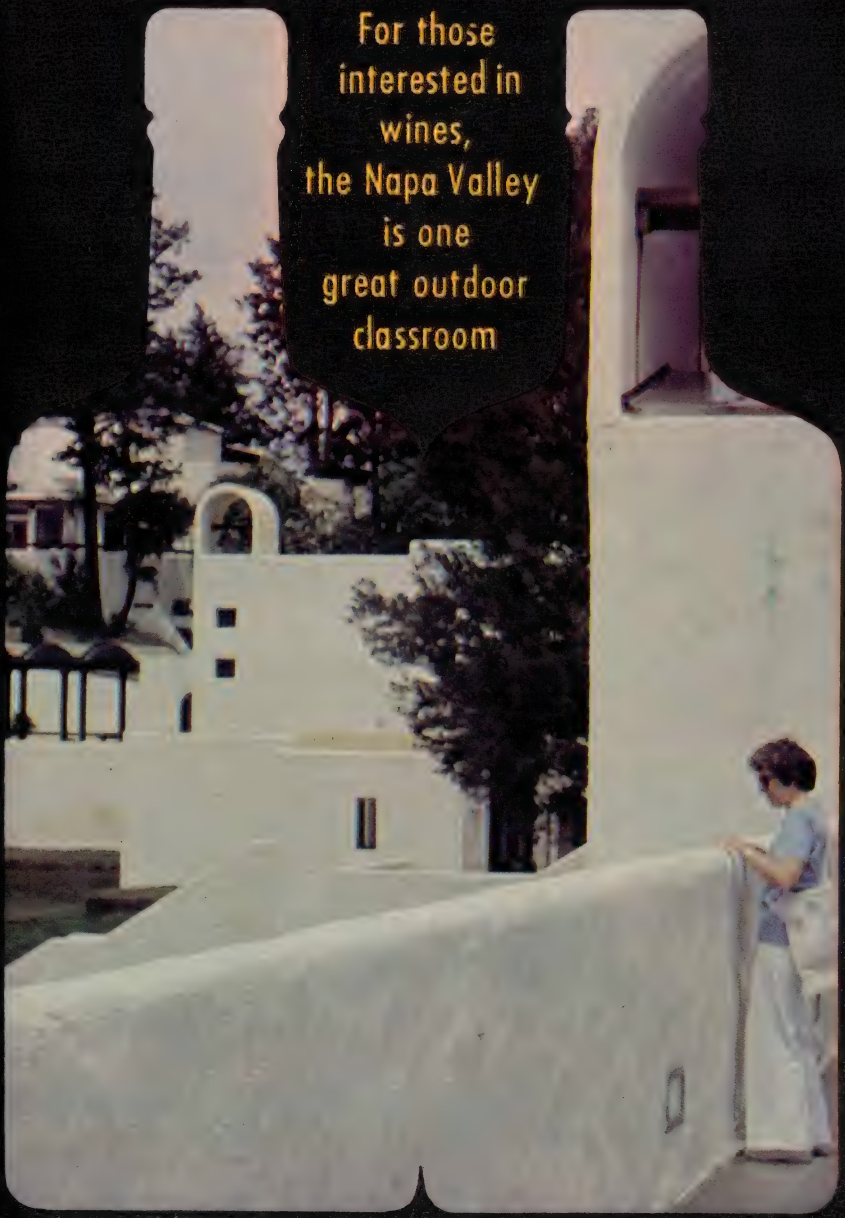


to drain but is not subjected to pressure. As a result of periodic turnings, the curds settle to a thickness of slightly over an inch for Camemberts and 1½ inches for Bries. The cheeses are sprayed with white mold that develops their thin crusts and then are wheeled into air-conditioned rooms to mature about three weeks. When ready to eat, its interior smooth and fluent, a single Brie weighs 24 ounces, and a Camembert half a pound.

Other soft-ripened French cheeses are now being made in America, but nobody has been producing them as long as the Thompson family—and certainly not in such attractive rural surroundings. Given such a goal, then, and the chance to travel the scenic route through the red-brown hills of Marin County, you may find reason enough to leave the freeway. Indeed, many a cheese fancier (or anyone else with an urge to turn onto quiet side roads) has found similar rewards in visiting the two nonautomated Sonoma factories that produce California's famous Monterey Jack.

The ease with which the combined tour can be accomplished is readily visible on a road map. And the terrain is studded with landmarks. You might plan such a soothing excursion next time you follow the course of El Camino Real, heading north from San Francisco Bay. It can be a tempting odyssey for those who love cheese, or history, or a beckoning landscape. □


A
LITTLE
WINE
TASTING
BERINGER


For those
interested in
wines,
the Napa Valley
is one
great outdoor
classroom

story and photos by Richard L. Routh

"WHY ARE YOU swirling your wine?" asked one of the members of the tour group my wife and I had joined.

"Why I'm volatilizing my esters and my aldehydes," said Bill Stafford, our knowledgeable host, with a twinkle in his eye.

We were in one of the wine-tasting rooms of the Rhine House, the fascinating Rhenish castle that serves as the hospitality center for the Beringer Vineyards in the Napa Valley.

We had arrived in the valley in mid-afternoon and, after driving past wall-to-wall vineyards of Cabernet Sauvignon, Johannesburg Riesling, Pinot Noir, Chardonnay, Zinfandel and Petite Sirah on the way to the inn where we had reservations, couldn't resist stopping for one winery tour before the full schedule planned the next day.

Stafford was explaining the basics of wine tasting. He had poured a small amount of wine into a stemmed, tulip-shaped glass, held the glass to the light to check the wine's clarity and then swirled the wine against the sides of the glass to release its fragrant "esters and aldehydes" for sniffing before slurping the wine. Slurping?

"Slurp is the correct verb," Stafford said. "Slurp up your wine audibly, slowly and tenderly, mixing it with the maximum amount of air. That way you enjoy the aroma more fully and the wine touches all the tastebuds. It's not at all uncouth among wine lovers."

We found his advice sound. It helped us evaluate all the sensory nuances of wine—as long as you held your chin up. Wine running down your chin definitely is not the sign of an oenophile!

The explanation might have been elementary to a wine connoisseur, but it was a good beginning for us as wine novices and typified the education—no matter what your level of wine knowledge—visitors to this jewel-like valley can acquire.

The Napa Valley is a 30,000-acre sea of vines that begins alongside the bay across from San Francisco and runs 34 miles north and west, between parallel mountain ridges that aren't much more than a mile apart at any point, until Mount St. Helena closes it off just beyond the town of Calistoga. State Highway 29 runs straight up its middle.

About 50 wineries dot the valley floor and hillsides. Just a few of their names are enough to parch the throat of a wine lover: Christian Brothers, Inglenook, Charles Krug (which began the first commercial winemaking in the valley in 1861), Louis M. Martini, Beaulieu, Joe Heitz, Stag's Leap, Chateau Montelena and Schramsberg.

About 2 million visitors came to the Napa Valley last year, making it the state's most popular tourist area next to Disneyland.

"More and more people are associating wine with gracious living," said John Thoreen of Calistoga. "They're serving it in place of distilled spirits at cocktail parties and drinking it more with meals. They come here to learn about it."

Interest has been so great that Thoreen left his job two years ago as director of wine programs at a local winery to begin tutoring people about wine. He provides a five-day tutorial for $325 (including double-occupancy lodging, food, wine and in-valley transportation). He limits each class to eight people and is booked well in advance.

The Wine Institute, 165 Post Street, San Francisco 94108, provides a tour guide to all Napa Valley wineries. Many of the wineries offer free tours and tasting parties as well as retail sales of their wines and are open to the public from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. daily.

Three of the valley's newer wineries adept at handling visitors are Domaine Chandon west of Yountville, Robert Mondavi north of Oakville and Sterling Vineyards south of Calistoga.

Domaine Chandon produces only sparkling wine, backed by 200 years of experience of its parent company, Moët-Hennessy of France. The Mondavi winery looks old on the outside—its main building is patterned after California's Franciscan missions with a tower and central arch—but has the latest in stainless steel tanks and computer controls on the inside. Sterling could pass for a Greek monastery with its bleached white walls and rounded carillon towers. You get to the hilltop winery by aerial tramway ($2 per person).

Best time to visit the Napa Valley? Anytime is good if you're deeply interested in wine. Just resist the temptation to try to squeeze in too much. Three wineries a day should be the limit. The pleasures of visiting wineries are as subtle as the pleasure of wine itself.The pace cannot be forced. Come back instead.

One last bit of advice: Picnic. The Napa Valley is one of the great places on this continent to picnic. Wine and picnics go together, but nowhere better than among these vine-clad hills. The scenery is superior, and the weather cooperates to an absurd degree.

You can easily assemble a picnic from specialty food shops along the way. Within the happy cluster of shops at Vintage 1870 in Yountville, we found a sausage-maker of surpassing skill and at the V. Sattui Winery just south of St. Helena a marvelous cheese shop that also handles walnuts, fruit, salami and French bread.

We picnicked off a side road where the verge was wide and grassy and provided a view of the mountains above and the sun-drenched vineyards below. It was the kind of experience you would like to bottle and keep on a shelf to savor again—not unlike a vintage wine. □

Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS

BY NANCY KENNEDY

painting by Gil DiCicco

MAGNOLIA HOTEL
YOUNTVILLE, CALIFORNIA

Fifty-five miles north of San Francisco, this delightful old hotel—owned and managed by Nancy and Ray Monte—is in the heart of the Napa Valley wine country. Each of the hotel's six rooms is furnished with antiques, wicker and—what else?—a decanter and wine glasses for your favorite local wine. Dinner served daily. Breakfast served to overnight guests only. Reservations necessary. The address is 6529 Yount Street.

FRENCH TOAST WITH PORT WINE SYRUP
6 slices white or French bread
1 cup half and half
6 eggs
1 tablespoon vanilla
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons butter
Powdered sugar

Whip together the half and half, eggs, vanilla and cinnamon. Dip bread slices in the egg, cream mixture. Fry them in plenty of butter until well-browned on both sides. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve with butter and Port Wine Syrup (below).

PORT WINE SYRUP
½ cup water
½ cup port wine
1¾ cups sugar

Combine water and wine and bring to a boil. Pour over sugar and mix well. Store any unused syrup in a covered jar in the refrigerator.

WHALING STATION INN
MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

This restaurant with an ambience reminiscent of the 1890s is in a quaint old building overlooking Cannery Row. John Pisto, the owner-chef, specializes in fresh seafood, steaks and Italian specialties. Dinner served daily 5:30 to 10:30 p.m. Reservations advisable. The address is 763 Wave Street.

CLAMS AND LINGUINE

Put ⅛ cup olive oil, ¼ pound butter and several chopped cloves of garlic in each of two large heavy frying pans. Sauté until garlic is opaque. Put 64-96 clams in pans (8-12 clams per serving). Sprinkle each pan with freshly ground pepper, ½ cup chopped parsley and 2-4 cups of clam juice. Cover and steam clams open (6 to 10 minutes). Broth should have a rich yellow look—add more butter if necessary. Have 2 pounds of linguine cooking and ready. Drain pasta, place in deep dishes. Place clams on top of pasta, then pour broth over all. Top with freshly grated Parmesan cheese. Serves 8.

HOT SPICY SCALLOPS

In a large, heavy frying pan, place 1 tablespoon butter and ⅛ cup peanut oil. Sauté lightly 3 cloves chopped garlic, 1 large onion (diced), ½ green pepper (slivered) and 2-inch piece of ginger (crushed). Add 80-96 fresh, plump scallops (10-12 per person), ½ cup dry sherry and 1 tablespoon fish sauce (available at Oriental food stores). Add ground red pepper or hot chili, to taste. Thicken with tablespoon of cornstarch. Cook scallops until tender. Serve. Makes 8 portions.

painting by Robert Reynolds


ALDOS
ALDOS


Telegraph
office

painting by Art Riley

ALDO'S
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

The two owners are vitally involved in this elegant restaurant's daily operations. Aldo Bovero is the charming host who greets guests, and Paul Coulat is the executive chef who supervises the preparation of the continental dishes that have made this establishment justly famous. Open daily for lunch and dinner. Closed Sunday. Reservations advisable. It is at 2914-16 Pasatiempo Lane.

COQUILLES SAINT-JACQUES

Melt 4 tablespoons butter in a sauce pan. When hot, add 1 teaspoon chopped shallots. Sauté a few minutes but do not allow to brown. Add 1 pound quartered scallops, ¼ pound peeled, deveined and quartered prawns and ½ pound Dungeness crab legs. Sauté a few minutes. Add 1½ cups dry white wine and a few drops of lemon juice. In a separate pan, sauté ¾ pound of mushrooms that have been quartered. Add to seafood mixture. Place in casserole and bake in 350° oven for 15 minutes until scallops and prawns are cooked. Melt 4 tablespoons butter in a sauce pan, add 5 tablespoons flour gradually, stirring constantly. Do not brown. Add ¾ cup milk, a small amount at a time, stirring constantly until mixture begins to thicken. Drain excess fish liquid and reduce liquid to one cup, then add to flour mixture. Let simmer slowly for about 3 minutes. Mix 2 egg yolks with ½ cup whipping cream and stir into sauce. Add 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon white pepper. Pour over scallops, prawns and crab legs, stirring carefully. Place in 6 scallop shells or ramekins and sprinkle with ⅓ cup Parmesan cheese. Bake 15 minutes at 450°. Scallop shell can be garnished with whipped potato border. Serves 6.

THE CAPISTRANO DEPOT
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, CALIFORNIA

The heart of this restaurant is a restored 1895 depot. On tracks around the station are nine railroad cars (including a 1927 Pullman), which are used for dining and banquet rooms. Open every day for lunch and dinner; Sunday brunch served. Reservations advisable. It is near the 1776 mission of San Juan Capistrano at 26701 Verdugo Street.

MUSTARD EGGS

4 cups Mornay sauce (cream sauce made with cheese)
2 tablespoons dry mustard (more for hotter sauce)
16 hard-boiled eggs
32 slices fried bacon
Toast points

Mix dry mustard with a little water and beat with a whip until smooth. Stir this into hot Mornay sauce until well mixed. Slice hard-boiled eggs and arrange in a large casserole or 8 individual ones. Cover with mustard sauce and place bacon slices on top. Put in 350° oven for 5 minutes and serve with hot toast points. Makes 8 portions.

painting by Neil Boyle


THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL DRIVE
IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA
by Bobby Zane
paintings by Michael Green



TO RATE consideration as most beautiful, any Northern California drive must possess a number of qualities in addition to splendid scenery. This is, after all, a state where grand views are the rule rather than the exception.

Given the grand view, my most beautiful drive must also be varied, historically interesting and off the beaten tourist path. There are a number of drives which qualify in all respects. Mountain folks, for instance, would offer State Highway 70, winding its way through the gorge of the Feather River Canyon, as their first choice. And history enthusiasts would point to State Highway 49, running through the old gold fields between Auburn and Downieville. And isolationists as well as dedicated backroaders might say that State Highway 299 in the Trinity Alps is Northern California's most scenic drive.

All these choices have merit.

But my personal choice would have to be a drive that offers open views of the Pacific and the comforting shelter of the redwood forest, both unique to Northern California. It would be mostly rural, where there are more sheep and cattle grazing than cars on the road, where fences are hand-hewn and as individually interesting as the owners of the ranches. The towns on my most beautiful drive would be small, charming and populated with people who care about the quality of their lives. And finally, my most beautiful drive would offer a number of spots where I could stop and watch that most sublime view of all, the sunset.

The drive that meets all these qualifications starts on the coast about 150 miles north of San Francisco. It's a stretch of State Highway 1 running along the coast from a quaint fishing village called Albion that's popular with RV enthusiasts to a point north of the old lumbering town of Fort Bragg; then it makes a sharp right turn inland, climbs over the heavily forested Coastal Range and becomes part of U.S. 101 at

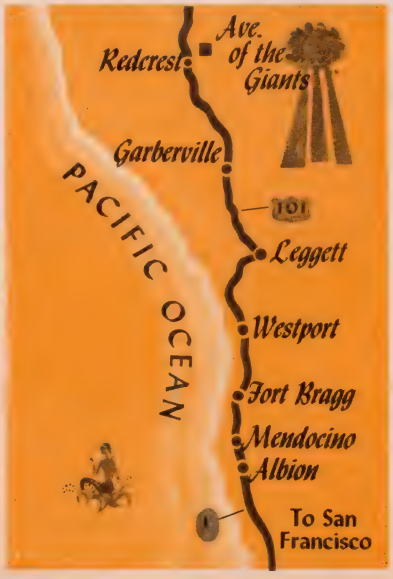
Leggett for a final run north to Redcrest in the heart of the redwoods.

The redwoods are, in fact, my main reason for selecting this drive. These giant trees are the link between north and south, between the coast and inland and between 100 years ago and now. The towns and state parks here were born of the lumbering industry which thrived a century ago. Since most of the trees were cut from the coastal slopes, the once-bustling towns retreated in size and importance. Now their very isolation and relative obscurity makes places such as Mendocino, Fort Bragg and Westport lures for curious, backroading tourists.

But the route is definitely off the beaten path. And while a day might seem ample time to explore its 117-mile length, I'd advise taking two or more. The catalog of attractions is long and some of the best views are found at the ends of footpaths. This is slow-driving country where many marked vistas beckon you to stop and linger, to gaze at the crashing waves against the rocks, to hear the stillness of the redwood forest or to watch the river run swiftly to sea.

Accommodations along the North Coast tend to be country inns. If you've had a secret longing to sleep in an antique brass bed, to relax in an old rocking chair, to warm yourself with a handmade quilt, to sniff fresh flowers everywhere . . . this is the place. Throughout the North Coast Country you'll find a wide variety of these inns, lovingly maintained by hospitable innkeepers. A sampling includes the big yellow MacCallum House in Mendocino with its library and antique-filled rooms and outbuildings, and the Heritage House, in Little River, where you might find yourself sleeping in a restored old water tower. The most venerable is Little River Inn, noted also for its fine restaurant. And near Garberville, Benbow Inn perches proudly on a hillside offering comfortable rooms in addition to a view of the surrounding forested hillside.

While not the biggest community on our route, Mendocino is clearly the most intriguing . . . not only because of its gorgeous location on a



bluff overlooking the sculptured Pacific coast, but also because of its Victorian architecture and its artists' colony atmosphere.

More than likely, the ever-changing view of the blue-green-gray ocean lured the artists to this bluff in the first place. Paintings in galleries all over town interpret the sea and sky in all their moods.

Mendocino citizens are possessive about the quality of their lives . . . particularly their view. A successful civic battle against the forces of "progress" has turned the bluffs into a state park. Construction of a parking area, interpretive center and trail system at Mendocino Headlands State Park is scheduled to begin this year. Similar sweeping panoramas can be seen at other state parks in the vicinity, Van Damme and Russian Gulch, as well as from the bluffs at Westport about 25 miles to the north.

A hundred years ago the redwood trees grew right to the edges of the bluffs. Lumbering was, and still is, a major industry in this portion of the state. During the last century, the wood was shipped from seaside towns to San Francisco.

Now all but a few of the most magnificent trees have turned into such practical products as railroad ties, mine tunnel supports and siding for houses. But our most beautiful drive includes an opportunity to see some of the remaining trees. They're found in state parks along the highway and the Eel River on the inland portion of the trip.

The Avenue of the Giants, dubbed on highway signs as Scenic Alternate, parallels U.S. 101. Along this two-lane road, you'll pass through or beside 77 named groves of *Sequoia sempervirens*, one right after another, so dense that the crowns often obscure the sky.

You should take time while traveling through the forest. To me being within a redwood grove is being in the most peaceful, quiet place on earth. The immensity of these trees is inspirational rather than awesome; there's a hush in the forest that comforts rather than threatens.

Beyond the beautiful coast and the soaring redwoods, this drive offers one more attraction that is uniquely Northern California. It's the Eel River, which has long been popular with fishermen in search of steelhead and salmon.

This most beautiful route travels through much open country, following for the most part the contours of the land. There's only an occasional lapse onto a concrete freeway to remind you that you're in modern California.

More than merely scenery, this most beautiful drive in Northern California gives you a glimpse of the land the pioneers found here more than a century ago. And in this land of the grand view are the two most inspiring sights of all, the mighty Pacific and the majestic redwoods.

It's a splendid trip, so drive slowly and enjoy. □



Japan Is One Mile from Union Square

by Troy Garrison

paintings by Gil DiCicco

I HAVE LOVED Japan for years, and recently, when some chance strain of Oriental music suddenly set my nostalgia to aching, I packed a bag and drove to Japantown, which is only one mile west of San Francisco's Union Square and 16 miles from my suburban home. Circumstances (for instance, money) precluded my making the journey to Japan itself, so I'd decided to do the next best thing: live in Nihonmachi (Japantown) for a couple of days, eat in its restaurants, have a steam bath, visit the late-night ginza bars, sleep again in a futon on the floor.

I arrived at twilight, having been guided from afar by the illuminated 100-foot-high Peace Pagoda which is Japantown's what-it's-all-about landmark, and checked into one of the Miyako Hotel's Japanese-style suites. It had tatami mats on the floor, tokonama niches for flowers or "objects of honor," low tables, shoji screens, miniature rock and bamboo gardens and, of course, the mattress-and-comforter floor beds called futons.

For dinner that night, I went to

the Suehiro Restaurant, a few yards down the street from the hotel. It has both Western- and Japanese-style seating. Opting for the latter, I removed my shoes and was seated on the tatami-matted floor with my feet resting comfortably in a pit beneath the low table. A shyly smiling waitress in a bright kimono alighted beside me like a butterfly to take my order of Japanese delicacies, many of which she cooked at the table.

An hour later, strong hands closed around my neck and squeezed. I groaned into the mat in which my face was buried. When the knees were removed from the small of my back, I was surprised that I was able to turn my head and ask:

"You're black belt, right?"

She giggled.

Her name was Yoko and she is one of the strong-handed girls imported from Tokyo and Osaka by the Kabuki Hot Spring. Yoko had met me at the reception desk, led me to a private room and briskly told me to take off all my clothes.

After hanging them neatly in a closet, she enclosed me in a streamlined steam cabinet, which somewhat resembled a carnival ride, with only my head free. When I convinced her I was done to a turn, she released me, soaked me in a tub of hot water, had me sit on a stool so low that my knees were up to my chin, soaped me thoroughly and rinsed me off with warm water poured from a pan.



At this point, there was a variation from procedures in Japan: She handed me billowing boxer shorts and covered me with a towel during the massage, which involved her hands, elbows and knees. She didn't walk on my back, as some masseuses in Japan do, but that was okay—my body felt traversed enough, as it was.

When I emerged into the night, at the end of an hour, I was so relaxed that if I had been dropped from the

top of the Peace Pagoda, I'd have floated down like a cherry blossom. Instead, I drifted along to a couple of the late-night spots, Shinjuku and Club Dan. They both have professional cabaret singers but patrons are encouraged to entertain also. Several Japanese men did so, nervous at first but soon singing folk songs quite happily, buoyed by handclapping and cries of "hai, hai" (yes, yes) from the audience.

Futon-time. I returned to the hotel, slipped into the freshly laundered kimono furnished and sat for awhile, sipping tea, while my cigarette smoked itself in an ash tray. I opened the window and went to sleep, lulled by the babbling brook of traffic on Post Street.

The following day was spent in wandering around Japan Center, the complex created for visitors. It, of course, is commercial: In the three-square-block enclave bounded by Geary, Post, Laguna and Fillmore Streets are more than 60 retail and service establishments.

But the center is also cultural. Throughout are examples of the exquisite Japanese taste in art and design. Stairways rise from interior gardens soft with foliage and musical with waterfalls. Stylized metal birds are suspended above one stairway. Koto music flows from unseen sources.

At the Center's center is the Peace Pagoda, a five-tiered goodwill gift from the people of Japan to the people of America. It stands in a keyhole-shaped pool, in which also are two great stones and an eternal flame whose centuries-old source was the Sumiyoshi Shrine in Osaka.

There are five other major structures. In addition to the Consulate Building and the Miyako Hotel, there are the East, Kintetsu, and West buildings which, connected by arcades, house the shops. The Kyoto Inn, opened in 1975, is a block away.

The second evening, I went to another fine restaurant, Kabuki Hibachi, on the second floor of the East Building. Here, the seating is in booths whose tables and seats are made from polished hatch-covers. On each table is a gas hibachi, where the customers cook the beef, pork, chicken or shrimp delivered in ample quantities by pretty, fleet-footed waitresses.

The owner calls this Genghis Khan cooking, descended from the Mongol soldiers' practice of cooking their food in their helmets, and among the establishment's decorations are small reproductions of such helmets.

After dinner, I walked across Post Street to the Kokusai Theater to see a samurai film. Almost all its patrons are local Japanese-Americans but the films have subtitles in English. There's a wide screen and semicircular seating but the auditorium is small, and if you happen to go to a first-night showing, as I did, you may find yourself sitting on a wooden bench against the back wall.

Samurai films tend to be melodramatic, but they are almost always beautifully photographed, brimming with breathtaking soft colors of the Japanese countryside and offering glimpses of the dress and customs of medieval Japan.

I since have returned to Japantown several times, during the frequent and authentic festivals there. At such times, Japan Center throbs with the beat of taiko drums and the stringed voice of the koto, and resounds with the harsh cries of the martial arts. On a stage near the Peace Pagoda, elaborately kimonoed and coifed women dance the highly stylized dances of the geisha, and fierce-looking men attack one another with hands, feet and threatening cries.

Nearby, tot-tourists stare saucer-eyed at some of the world's most engaging dolls. You may also see the serene, mind-unknotting tea ceremony, flower-arranging demonstrations, and lantern and shoulder shrine parades.

One of the two major events, the Cherry Blossom Festival, will be April 14-16 and 20-23. The other, the Fall Festival, usually begins in late September or early October. Admission to all events is free.

But any time of the year is a good time to visit Nihonmachi.

Do itashimashite (you're welcome). □





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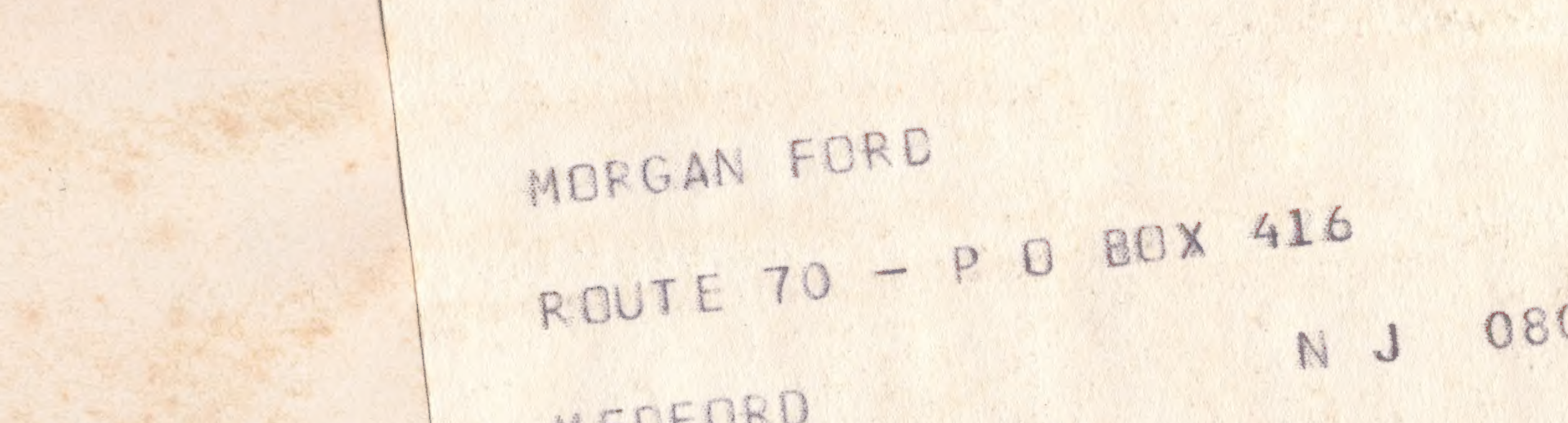
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